



# The Shaw Bulletin

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## Object

To study and interpret George Bernard Shaw's writings, work and personality; to make him more widely understood and appreciated; and to provide a meeting ground for those who admire and respect the man.

## How to Become a Member

Any person agreeing with the object of The Shaw Society of America, Inc., and wishing to join the Society may apply for membership. Address your application to the Secretary (William D. Chase, 2322 Mallery Street, Flint 4, Michigan.) The annual fee is \$5.00. Checks should be made payable to The Shaw Society of America, Inc.

## Dickens and Shaw

By Edgar Johnson

Over forty years ago, Shaw expressed his admiration for Dickens in an eloquent tribute: "Dickens was one of the greatest writers that ever lived . . . He is, by pure force of genius, one of the greatest writers of the world . . . There is no 'greatest' book of Dickens; all his books form one great life-work: a Bible in fact . . . all are magnificent." It is fitting praise to the greatest British writer of the nineteenth century from the greatest British writer of our own time.

Nor did Shaw ever waver in this judgment. Though he was not one of what Lionel Trilling calls "the genial madmen of the Dickens Fellowship," he was on cordial terms even with these devotees and made numerous appearances in the pages of the *Dickensian*. He wrote frequently of Dickens, with enthusiasm and knowledge: there are stimulating prefaces by Shaw to both *Hard Times* and *Great Expectations*; all his writings are studded with concrete allusions to Dickens: around a dozen even in *Everybody's Political What's What* and many throughout the prefaces. As late as the summer of 1946, when I visited Shaw at Ayot St. Lawrence, we had three hours of eager conversation about Dickens, in which Shaw exhibited a vivid knowledge of Dickens's personality and the most intense appreciation of his social criticism, especially of the Parliamentary satire of *Bleak House* and the Circumlocution Office satire on bureaucracy in *Little Dorrit*.

Shaw's earliest work in fiction, from *The Irrational Knot* in 1880 through *An Unsocial Socialist* in 1883, was done under the direct influence of Dickens. "I wrote in the style of Scott and Dickens," says Shaw himself, adding characteristically, "and as fashionable society then spoke and behaved, as it still does, in no style at all, my transcriptions of Oxford and Mayfair may nowadays suggest an unaccountable and ludicrous ignorance of a very superficial and accessible code of manners." The same mistake has been made about Dickens, and has led to the accusation that, unlike Thackeray and Trollope, he neither knew nor understood anything about gentlemen. To this, Shaw has written the sufficient refutation:

"Thackeray reviled the dominant classes with a savagery which would have been unchivalrous in Dickens: he often denied even the common good qualities and accomplishments to ladies and gentlemen, making them mean, illiterate, profligate, ignorant, sycophantic to an inhuman degree, whilst Dickens, even when making his aristocrats politically and socially ridiculous and futile, liked making them real ladies and gentlemen. Trollope, who regarded Thackeray as his master and exemplar, had none of his venom, and has left us a far better balanced and more truthful picture of Victorian well-off society, never consciously white-washing it, though allowing it its full complement of black sheep

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Professor Edgar Johnson, Chairman of the English Department at The City College, New York, is author of the distinguished and best selling biography, *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*, (Simon & Schuster.) Professor Johnson addressed a New York meeting of The Shaw Society of America at the Grolier Club, on January 27, 1953, on the subject "Dickens and Shaw." There were immediate requests for publication of this lecture and Professor Johnson very kindly prepared the above article for *The Shaw Bulletin*.

of both sexes. But Trollope's politics were those of the country house and the hunting field just as were Thackeray's. Accordingly, Thackeray and Trollope were received and approved by fashionable society with complete confidence. Dickens, though able to fascinate all classes, was never so received or approved except by the good-natured or stupid ladies and gentlemen who were incapable of criticizing anyone who could make them laugh and cry. The rest said that Dickens could not describe a gentleman and called *Little Dorritt* twaddle. And the reason was that in his books the west-end heaven appears as a fool's paradise instead of being an indispensable preparatory school for the New Jerusalem. Our leading encyclopedia still tells us that Dickens had 'no knowledge of country gentlemen.' It would be nearer the mark to say that Dickens knew all that really mattered to the world about Sir Leicester Dedlock, and that Thackeray knew nothing that really mattered about him. Trollope and Thackeray could see Chesney Wold; but Dickens could see through it."

These remarks are enough to reveal the penetration with which Shaw had read Dickens, but the truth goes even deeper than that: Shaw was steeped in Dickens, and the two men have a great deal in common both in their literary qualities and in their fundamental viewpoints. Both are great comic writers, with a shared fondness for slapstick, farce, and wild horseplay. Compare, for example, the bewildered Mr. Pickwick being danced about by the belligerent jumping-jack cabman, with the helpless Edstaston, in *Great Catherine*, being tickled in the ribs by the Empress of Russia, or, in the same play, Potemkin's maudlin intoxication with Mr. Pickwick dashing his spectacles on the floor in tipsy glee or being trundled drunk in a wheelbarrow to the pound. Compare the revolt against the Squeerses, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, in which Mrs. Squeers is forced to kneel down and take a spoon of brimstone-and-treacle while Master Squeers's head is ducked in the bowl, with Todger Fairmile, in *Major Barbara*, kneeling on Bill Walker's chest, praying, "Oh Lord: break his stubborn spirit; but don't urt iz dear eart" while Bill roars, "Never you mawnd maw deah awt. Wot abaht maw ribs?" Compare the hens starting to lay eggs like mad in *Saint Joan* and the fantastic startings and plungings of Mr. Pickwick's horse; the crazy dancing of Androcles and the pantomine lion and the farcical theatricality of Vincent Crummles's dramatic company, including the dance of the Indian Savage and the Maiden.

No one can doubt that Dickens would have delighted in Sidney Trefusis's grotesque assumption of being the comic countryman Jeff Smilash in *An Unsocial Socialist*. (Especially in view of Dickens's recorded enjoyment of the funny countryman, in a farce he saw in his childhood, who crunches up his little hat and throws it on the ground, saying, "Dom thee, squire, coom on with thy fistes then!") One episode of the novel, in fact, directly echoes that in *The Old Curiosity Shop* where the schoolmistress, Miss Monflathers, upbraids Nell for being employed in Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, extols the superior merit of adding to the industrial production of one's country by laboring in a factory for three shillings a week, and proclaims that the only right of the children of the poor is the right to toil. In Shaw's story, Smilash asks Miss Wilson, the schoolmistress, to shelter the wife and children of a shepherd whose flimsy shack has been blown down in a nocturnal storm.

"You should not bring a family into the world if you are so poor," said



Miss Wilson severely. 'Can you not see that you impoverish yourself by doing so — to put the matter on no higher grounds.'

"Reverend Mr. Malthus's health!" remarked Smilash, repeating his pantomime (of drinking ale out of a mug.)

"Some say it's the children, and some say it's the drink, Miss' said the man submissively. 'But from what I see, family or no family, drunk or sober, the poor gets poorer and the rich richer every day.'

"Ain't it disgusting to hear a man so ignorant of the improvement in the condition of his class?" said Smilash, appealing to Miss Wilson."

Are not the accents here the accents of Dickens, even to his insistence that it is not drink that causes poverty, but poverty and its attendant miseries that reduce the poor to drink?

Once invoked, the parallels come thick and fast. Dickens would have relished Cashel Byron's music criticism couched in the jargon of the prizefight ring, which, indeed, he anticipated, in a way, in *Hard Times*, with his own description of the commissioner of education: "He would go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow up with his left, stop, exchange, bore his opponent (he always fought All England) to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly. He was certain to knock the wind out of common sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time." Cashel says, "I made out...that there is a man in the musical line named Wagner, who is what you might call a game sort of composer; and that the musical fancy, though they can't deny that his tunes are first-rate, and that, so to speak, he wins his fights, yet they try to make out that he wins them in an outlandish way, and that he has no real science."

It is obvious that the creator of the shrewish Mrs. Sowerberry, the complaining Mrs. Varden, and the termagant Mrs. Raddle would have enjoyed Androcles's tyrannical and self-pitying wife Megaera; and that Dickens, who drew so many voluble land-ladies and female servants would have understood Sir Colenso Ridgdon's housekeeper Emmy; and that the same gusto that responded to Sam Weller would have luxuriated in Shaw's cockneys, from Enry Straker, the New Man, in *Man and Superman*, to the philosophical dustman Doolittle, in *Pygmalion*. The resemblances are literally without number: William, the comic waiter, in *You Never Can Tell*; Candida's father, Burgess, with his low cunning and whining sanctimonious cant; the drunken Drinkwater, in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*; Rummy Mitchins and Snobby Price, in *Major Barbara*. Shaw's aristocrats too are often like Dickens's aristocrats: from Cholly Lomax in *Major Barbara* to Lentulus in *Androcles*, who parallel Dickens's Lord Frederic Verisopht, the weary young Barnacles, and the debilitated cousin in *Bleak House* who says, "Better hang wrong fler than hang no fler." One may note, also, the resemblance of the doctors, Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington and Cutler Walpole, in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, to Sir Parker Peps and the family practitioner in the opening chapter of *Dombey and Son*; while the young medical student Redpenny is plainly related to Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen.

The very names of many of Shaw's characters show the impress of Dickens's influence. Only those intimately acquainted with both writers could say offhand which of the following are Dickensian characters and which Shavian: Lickcheese, Mrs. Jellyby, Aloysia Brollickens, Mrs. Billickin, Sapsea, Smilash, Doodle and Coodle, Cholly and Dolly, Sir Lei-

cester Dedlock, Sir Dexter Rightside, Miss Belvawney, Begonia Brown, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Sir Orpheus Midlander.

These resemblances extend to some of their more serious characters as well. Mrs. Dudgeon in *The Devil's Disciple* is of the same gloomy breed as Mrs. Clennam in *Little Dorrit*, that executioner and victim of a wrathful Calvinist theology moving in her wheelchair "like fate in a go-cart" between her bed and her black bier-like sofa, reading her Bible and praying that "her enemies might be put to the edge of the sword, consumed by fire, smitten by plagues and leprosy." "I am the child," says Clennam, "of . . . strict people" whose "very religion was a gloomy sacrifice" afflicting him with a cowed childhood. And Dick Dudgeon says, "Children suffer enough in this house."

This brings us to the kinship between Shaw and Dickens in the more serious ranges of emotion. Nobody has ever denied Dickens's mastery of surging melodrama, his command of dramatic excitement, and, at his most powerful, of both elevated emotion and tears. And the time has long passed when Shaw must be defended against the accusation of being a mere witty clown, a player with paradoxes, devoid of all warmth of feeling. The world no longer requires to be convinced of his moral earnestness and his command of the strongest drama and the most elevated and noble passion.

We need only remember Morell waiting in agony for Candida to choose between him and Marchbanks or Candida's tenderness to her big-boy husband; and Barbara deserted in the West Ham shelter, while the other members of the Salvation Army go off to the meeting in Mile End Road, with Undershaft snorting on the trombone, Cusins shouting "Immenso giubilo," and Bill Walker taunting her, 'Wot prawce Selvy-tion nah?' as she exclaims in despair, "My God: why hast thou forsaken me?" Hardly less powerful is Caesar's stern repudiation of the doctrine of retributive justice in *Caesar and Cleopatra*, when all his followers have condemned his mercifulness and exonerated Cleopatra's murder of Pothinus: "If one man in all the world can be found, now or forever, to know that you did wrong, that man will have either to conquer the world as I have, or be crucified by it."

Nor can memory ever cease to vibrate with Saint Joan's voice in its passionate withdrawal of her confession when she learns her captors intend to keep her imprisoned forever: "It is not the bread and water I fear: I can live on bread: when have I asked for more? It is no hardship to drink water if the water be clean. Bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe the foul damp darkness, and keep me from everything that brings me back to the love of God when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him: all this is worse than the furnace in the Bible that was heated seven times. . . I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me by and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost, and the blessed blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your counsel is of the devil, and that mine is of God."

These and a hundred other climactic moments reveal how deeply Shaw not only understood a sweep of human emotion extending to the noble griefs of noble natures, and on what pinions he soared to the passionate comprehension of the loftiest moral intensity.

At this point we come to the most deeply significant parallel of all between Dickens and Shaw: their shared dedication to the improvement of society and the welfare of man, and the large measure in which their criticism of social institutions grew out of similar insights into their shortcomings and followed like paths. It is hardly too much to say that a developing criticism of society was the lifework of both and the very soul of their art. Although they were great literary artists, respecting and having the very highest standards in the craft they practised, neither was an esthete. "For the sake of art alone," Shaw declared, "I would not undergo the toil of writing a single sentence." And for Dickens, also, art was the servant of life, not life the servant of art. Both men, too, were fully as concerned with analyzing the workings of society as with portraying the manifestations of individual passions and characters — perhaps even more, often, with society than with individuals, although both did their work through embodying their analysis in dramatic fables and for both society counted because it consisted of individuals.

Everybody knows that from the beginning of Dickens's career he was a reformer. Even the high-hearted *Pickwick Papers* has its attacks on debtors's prisons, on the unpaid magistrates and the chicaneries of legal practice, and on the venality and emptiness of party politics. *Oliver Twist* is a bitter blast against the new Poor Law of 1834 and the social evils that produce criminal slums; *Nicholas Nickleby* against the cheap Yorkshire schools; *Bleak House* against the Courts of Chancery; *Hard Times* against the very ethos of nineteenth century industrialism; *Our Mutual Friend* against the greed and materialism of a money-dominated barbarism. What is not so clear to all readers is that Dickens's onslaughts grew sharper and more inclusive as he wrote one book after another, and that he moved from scattered attacks on individual evils to an integrated perception that the major problems of society were all interlinked with each other.

At the beginning Dickens had thought of suffering and injustice as the work of personal stupidity or selfishness: brutal schoolmasters, bullying magistrates, dishonest lawyers, foolish or greedy officials, corrupt politicians, misgoverning aristocrats. He had thought of the landowners controlling Parliament as reactionary obstacles to reform, and of the merchants and factory-owners as progressives. But he speedily came to perceive that aristocratic landlords were no more opposed to measures preventing the dispossession of cottagers to make room for more profitable sheep-pastures than industrialists and mine-owners were to shortening the working day to ten hours or to installing devices to prevent their factory hands from being mutilated or killed by machinery.

As early as the *Christmas Carol*, in 1843, Dickens began his analysis of the nineteenth-century economic system and its exploitation of the poor: Scrooge is the breathing embodiment of orthodox political economy fortified by the stone-hearted Malthusian principle that the sick or the out-of-work had better die and decrease the surplus population. With *Dombey and Son*, in 1846, Dickens undertook a full-scale picture of British society, in which the business man, through Mr. Dombey, was

portrayed in a far different light than he had appeared under when Dickens had symbolized him in the Cheeryble Brothers. By the time of *Bleak House*, Dickens's development almost completely foreshadowed his subsequent analysis. The picture of nineteenth-century society there presented can be summarized in two quotations from Shaw:

"Modern English political society, my native sphere, seems to me as corrupt as consciousness of culture and absence of honesty can make it. A canting, lie-loving, fact-hating, scribbling, chattering, wealth-hunting, pleasure-hunting, celebrity-hunting mob, that, having lost the fear of hell and not replaced it by the love of justice, cares for nothing but the lion's share of the wealth wrung by threat of starvation from the hands of the classes that create it."

"Clearly this is not the Dickens who burlesqued the old song of the Fine Old English Gentleman, and saw in the evils he attacked only the sins and wickednesses and follies of a great civilization. This is Karl Marx, Carlyle, Ruskin, Morris, Carpenter, rising up against civilization itself as a disease, and declaring that it is not our disorder but our order that is horrible; that it is not our criminals but our magnates that are robbing and murdering us; and that it is not merely Tom All Alone's that must be demolished and abolished, pulled down, rooted up, and made for ever impossible so that nothing shall remain of it but History's record of its infamy, but our entire social system."

The first of these quotations is from *An Unsocial Socialist*, and the second was written, not about *Bleak House*, but its immediate successor *Hard Times*. Both of them never-the-less exactly describe the vision of society unfolded in *Bleak House* and *Little Dorritt*, with the political struggles between Coodle and Doodle and all the languid and elegant boredom of life at Chesney Wold taking place on a foundation of solid misery represented by the squalid tenements of Tom-all-Alone's and the exploited brickmakers of St. Albans, and the venal bargains Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle and the millionaire swindler Merdle, the empty and idle superiority of the gentlemanly Henry Gowan and his mother, and the wasteful obstructionism of the Circumlocution Office, all deriving their sustenance from the industry and suffering of Bleeding Heart Yard.

In pointing out these facts, Shaw reveals, quite accurately, how far Dickens had progressed in social analysis. And Shaw goes on to call attention to a feature of Dickens's literary technique that is equally characteristic of Shaw himself. Dickens now casts off, "and casts off for ever," Shaw remarks, "all restraint on his wild sense of humour .... here he begins at last to exercise quite recklessly his power of presenting a character to you in the most fantastic and outrageous terms, putting into its mouth from one end of the book to another hardly one word which could conceivably be uttered by any sane human being, and yet leaving you with an unmistakable and exactly truthful portrait of a character that you recognize at once as being not only real but typical .... But no clown gone suddenly mad in a very mad harlequinade could express all these truths in more extravagantly ridiculous speeches. Dickens's business in life has become too serious for troubling over the small change of verisimilitude, and denying himself and his readers the indulgence of his humour in essentials. He even calls the schoolmaster Mr. M'Choakumchild, which is almost an insult to the serious reader. And so it was afterwards to the end of his life."



Is not the method Shaw here describes almost exactly analogous to Shaw's description of his own method as that of finding the right things to say and then saying them with the utmost exaggeration and levity? Dickens battles stupidity and cruelty by blowing up their excesses to the grotesque proportions of a lampoon. The monomaniac, the bigot, and the sophist he daubs in hues that are the pure concentrate of their own vices. All the fanatics he overwhelms beneath mountains of nonsense that are nothing but the proliferation of their own logic elaborated to lunacy. The evils of society he belabors with scathing ferocity. In a passion of boiling wrath he pleads the cause of love and justice.

There are those who have wondered how much love was in Shaw's heart, but it is impossible to question his passion for justice. That passion led him much further in the complete rejection of capitalist society than it led Dickens. Although he saw economic interests as dreadfully powerful, Dickens was not an economic determinist and did not accept a purely economic interpretation of society and of class interests. Shaw differed with Marx in detail, especially in Marx's labor theory of value, but in many ways adopted a Marxian interpretation of history. Dickens did not reject the profit system utterly and demand equality of income as Shaw did in *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, but Dickens did demand that government be remade to constitute itself the protector of the people against unregulated greed. He was farthest of all from inclining, as Shaw sometimes seemed to do, to accepting the idea of the dictator-hero. Dickens had no belief whatsoever in the self-chosen leaders. "I have very little faith," he said in 1870, the year he died, "in the people who govern us, but great confidence in the People whom they govern."

But in spite of these differences there can be no doubt that in analyzing the problems of modern society, Dickens and Shaw in many ways saw eye to eye, and hardly any doubt that although Shaw's insights were further influenced by Morris, Ruskin, Henry George, and Karl Marx, Dickens exerted a powerful pressure upon the early bent of Shaw's mind. It is no exaggeration to say that Dickens's criticisms of society were among the roots of Shaw's own developed attitude toward society. It is that deepest kinship of all that should be stressed in closing. The final accolade to Dickens may be phrased again in Shaw's own words, a moving tribute from one great benefactor of humanity to another:

"If Dickens's day as a sentimental romancer is over, his day as a social prophet and social critic is only dawning. Thackeray's England is gone, Trollope's England is gone; and even Thackeray and Trollope mingled with their truth a considerable alloy of what the governing classes liked to imagine they were, and yet never quite succeeded in being. But Dickens's England, the England of Barnacle and Stiltstalking and Hamlet's Aunt, invaded and overwhelmed by Merdle and Veneering and Fledgby, with Mr. Gradgrind theorizing and Mr. Bounderby bullying in the provinces, is revealing itself in every day's news, as the real England we live in." "His ascendancy is greater now than ever, because, like Beethoven, he had 'a third manner,' in which he produced works which influenced his contemporaries as little as the Ninth Symphony influenced Spohr or Weber, but which are influencing the present generation as much as the Ninth Symphony influenced Schumann and Wagner." "He was by far the greatest man since Shakespeare that England has ever produced in that line."

## The Decline and Fall-Off of The Shavian Empire?

By Archibald Henderson

No attempt will be made here to emulate the example of the long-dead American humorist, Artemus Ward, who at the height of his fame so convulsed the English public with his side-splitting lectures. He spoke mournfully of the "Rooshian Empire"; whereas I direct myself to the problem, at first sight so inexplicable and mystifying, of the resounding collapse of the project for raising for a Shaw Memorial the huge fund of £250,000 or roughly \$700,000. After the lapse of two years the voluntary contributions amounted to less than £1000, say \$2800. Whereupon the project was incontinently abandoned by a memorial committee, which shrank from furnishing the cosmic public of Shaw admirers, disciples, and devotees with any rational, or indeed any, explanation at all of their disconcerting and ludicrous failure.

My friend, the late Mark Twain (to give Samuel Langhorne Clemens the pseudonym by which he was known the world around), on one occasion raised a question which continues to agitate the minds of millions: Is Shakespeare Dead? This minor opus was certainly not in his usual vein of atomically explosive humor, nor was it in any sense a huge joke. Mark Twain, with the utmost seriousness, propounded once again the literary Weltraetzel as to the authorship of the plays and poems usually attributed to one William Shakespeare (1564-1616) who was born, lived, and died in Stratford-on-Avon in England during a period mediately three and a half centuries ago. In this little volume, the hard-headed "Connecticut Yankee," who was born in the Middle West and came of Virginia forbears, wrote a critical "Innocents Abroad" answering the eternal query whether the historicity of William Shakespeare was independent of and unconnected with the question of authorship of the immortal literary works associated with his name.

The title of the present communication may be rephrased: Is Shaw Dead? In specific terms: Has the great white arc-light of literary genius, which cast its lambent glow around the globe throughout the first half of the twentieth century, gradually dimmed and finally flickered out in the exiguous interval since the death of George Bernard Shaw on All Saints Day, 1950?

The question, thus put, is preposterous, impossible, unthinkable. The genius of Shaw, exclusive of the glamor of his vivid personality, the controversial sparking of his brain against recalcitrant mentality, and the enlivening challenge of his wit, satire, irony, humor and epigrammatic skill now lost to the living world, resides imperishably in the five novels, the upwards of sixty plays and playlets, the scores of social and political studies, the thousands of articles, essays, and speeches, and the tens of thousands of letters and postcards, which alone will intrigue research students until time is no more. "All my goods are in the shop window" was his habitual admonition to the clamorous hordes of Shavians who wanted him to tell the world in an interview the entire story of his life of 94 years. As his only authorized biographer, I have been struggling

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Professor Archibald Henderson, President of The Shaw Society of America, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, is Shaw's only authorized biographer. An expert in many fields of science, literature and history, he is author of countless books and articles published throughout the world. He is presently engaged in writing his third full scale biography of GBS, to be entitled *Bernard Shaw - Man of the Century*.



for wellnigh half-a-century to tell the story of his life; but although I have written and spoken considerably more than a million words on the subject, I am only too willing to admit, at the age of seventy-five, that I have only scratched the surface.

On one occasion, in response to a request as to the success or failure of one of his plays, Oscar Wilde wittily - and profoundly - sparkled: "My play is a success. I am not sure about the success of the audience." That is the explanation, *mutatis mutandis*, of the collapse of the fragile bubble of the hypothetical and unimaginative concept of a Shaw Memorial. Shaw was the cosmic success - from the standpoint of literary genius - of the twentieth century. The Shaw Memorial Committee was a ludicrous, fore-doomed failure, whose superficial and unconvincing appeal met a disastrous rebuff at the hands of the millions of potential donors who, for many and obvious reasons, were reluctant, indeed unwilling, to contribute to uninviting causes advocated by patent figureheads giving meaningless lip-service and the cheap, counterfeit "influence" of position, rank, and title, all unrepresentative of the man to be honored and in contravention of his familiar abhorrence of monuments, statues, effigies, pedestals, memorials and all forms of human deification.

The principal reasons for the disgraceful failure of the so-called "efforts", which were the idlest and most trivial of impotent gestures, may readily be stated.

The committee, as judged by American standards, lacked imagination, a sense of proportion, and a workable program, clearly formulated and energetically executed. It was mistakenly believed that the president of a great literary society and holder of a political post having to do with finances on a global scale and second in influence only to the Prime Minister, would serve as a great beacon light to a world-public, and magically — and effortlessly! — draw innumerable contributions as some colossal, static magnet irresistibly draws metal filings. Only a short time before consenting to serve as chairman of the Shaw Memorial Committee the same man, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, publicly voiced the most earnest injunction to the people of Great Britain to practice increased austerity and to accustom themselves with grim cheerfulness to severer financial hardship. Of the two "R.A.B." appeals the British people had no real alternative but to choose the former; and the Shaw Memorial perished for lack of sustenance.

The promoters of the Shaw Memorial Committee made no use of the instrumentalities readily available and inescapably committed by every tie of gratitude, comradeship, party consciousness, and political solidarity, to honor the name of Shaw, as well they might honor the name of John Burns, Ramsay MacDonald, Keir Hardie, Sydney and Beatrice Webb, Ernest Bevin, Clement Atlee and other leaders of Socialist, Labor, Trade Union, and allied parties, organizations, fellowships, and societies. Shaw abhorred titles and decorations, declined them curtly when offered, and would have been savagely ironic over the appearance on a Shaw Memorial Committee of Earl this, ex-Prime Minister that, the Lord the other; Viscountess so-and-so, and Dames X, Y, and Z.

The meeting to organize the Shaw Memorial Movement was a fiasco, because the prime movers were so incautious as to give free rein to raucously discordant voices, representing great influence and having high publicity voltage. One famous lady was severely critical of Shaw's will; and jocularly confessed that she had begged him on his deathbed to leave her a packet. An eminent actor spoke contemptuously of Shaw's home at Ayot St. Lawrence, Shaw-named "Shaw's Corner," and vigorous-

ly urged that, on the score of ugliness, it be not preserved as a memorial. Others spoke derogatively of Shaw's artistic taste and of the drab fittings and worn furniture. On the whole, the Shaw Memorial Committee got off, psychologically, to a very bad start.

The inefficiency of the Shaw Memorial Committee seems to have been appalling. The obvious, and imperatively necessary, first step was the appointment of a large number of sub-committees representative of all Shaw's major activities. Among the many organizations, which should have had influential and efficient-committees, may be mentioned those representing journalism, literature (British Academy, Royal Society of Literature, International P. E. N. Club, the Society of Authors, The Shaw Society, etc.), drama (Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, Old Vic, etc.), theatre films, radio (B.B.C.), social and political groups (Fabian Society, etc.) museums (British, Victoria and Albert, etc.), humanitarian and vegetarian societies and other organizations less well known but actively enthusiastic in such a cause. All these societies might well have had large public dinners with interesting programs, at a cost of varying figures: £5, 10, 15, 25, or more per plate. Chairmen of such meetings might well have been such public figures as John Masefield, T. S. Eliot, V. S. Prichett, Frank Swinnerton, the Oliviers, Gabriel Pascal, Sir Alexander Korda, Sir Lewis Casson, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Dame Edith Evans, Benn Levy, Lady Simson, Kingsley Martin, Sean O'Casey, Terence Rattigan, Sir A. P. Herbert, John and Val Gielgud, Michael Redgrave, Hesketh Pearson, A. C. Ward, Maurice Colbourne, Barry Jones, Rebecca West, Wendy Hiller, E. J. Batson, Sir Barry Jackson, and scores of others. In this country, large dinners (from 500 to 1000 persons), at \$25, 50, 100 per plate, are popular and highly successful media for raising large sums of money. "Drives", enlisting thousands of persons, and using popular columnists, film, radio, TV, and stage stars (Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, Drew Pearson, Walter Winchell and many others) raise astronomical sums in amazingly short time intervals - millions of dollars in few days, sometimes for gifts to France, Holland, Belgium, England, Italy, Korea, India, etc., Red Cross, heart, polio, cancer, crippled children, and what not. Recently, a committee set itself up to raise a million or two dollars to erect a memorial library to ex-President Truman; and, soon after the committee began its campaign, a surprisingly large and unsolicited contribution came from the American Federation of Labor! It is astonishing to note how extremely difficult it is, aside from all questions of austerity - to induce people in Great Britain to raise large funds for even the most worthy causes, literary, dramatic, cultural, educational. It is said that the greater proportion of funds for erecting the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford now in use came from American contributors. Shaw used gleefully to relate that almost the entire sum then in hand, about £70,000, toward a National Theatre, had been contributed by a German Jew.

Reformers are never popular. With his barbed epigrams, stinging satire, and headlong attacks, Shaw succeeded, throughout a long and strenuous life as propagandist, social reformer, and world-betterer, in enraging innumerable champions of causes to which he was hostile. Claiming fifteen different reputations, to which must be added one other after the early twenties, that of Communist supporter, he alienated people and organizations almost beyond enumeration. During the War of 1914-1918, he provoked British leaders and their immense following of patriotic citizens by his slashing pamphlet, *Commonsense*

about the War, charging Britain with responsibility, equal to that of Germany, for the war; and outraged many representatives of the upper classes by his apparently callous indifference to the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The pamphlet mentioned above was widely used to good effect for propaganda purposes by the Germans; and, in at least two instances, Shaw was called upon by the British government, to counteract the harm he had done in certain quarters by that pamphlet, and to aid in the conduct of the war by a series of widely disseminated newspaper articles, "Joy-Riding at the Front." Shaw as humanitarian made many enemies among the medical profession by his attacks upon the principles and practices of doctors; and offended the vivisectionists by his offensive characterization of the Russian scientist, Pavlov. He caused the foxhunting British squires and their followers to foam at the mouth by his smashing pamphlet, "Killing for Sport." While making a great name for himself as a drama critic by his brilliant and penetrating articles in the *Saturday Review*, he alienated the sympathy of leaders of literature, the theatre and the drama, and representatives of the acting profession, by his campaign of depreciation of Shakespeare and of Arthur Wing Pinero, so stubbornly championed by the short-sighted and misguided drama critic, William Archer. He engaged in a sort of running warfare with the leading British drama critics, who enjoyed his plays immensely and immediately wrote hostile critiques, proclaiming that he was no dramatist and that each brilliant new play was *vieux jeux*, the same old "Shaw stuff." The drama critic of *The (London) Times*, Shaw's erstwhile colleague of *The Star* in the early days, A. B. Walkley, with his cultural interests confined almost wholly to Plato and the French drama, was so unjust to Shaw that he not only slated (low-rated) each play as it appeared, but even went so far as to predict the failure of *St. Joan*, before reading it or seeing it produced on the stage! Furthermore, and perhaps most inexplicable of all his political propagandisms, Shaw disconcerted his friends, alienated his Socialist *confreres*, and made a host of new enemies in the British political world, by his enthusiastic praise of Hitler and Mussolini for efficiency in government, Nazi and Fascist, and his panegyrics on Lenin and Stalin as the greatest political reformers of the contemporary era, and the philosophy of Communism, as practised in the U.S.S.R. and their satellite states, as the *mot d'ordre* of future world-government. He scarcely endeared himself to his native land by his oft-expressed aversion from Dublin and all that it represented; and only mellowed toward Eire, to which he preferred England as place of residence, when in his declining years he was voted the "freedom" of his native city. Last of all, he offended many leaders of the Church of England and of other religious denominations by his pillorying of many of their creeds, beliefs, and practices; and made few friends by his oft-trumpeted disbelief in the divinity of Christ, the doctrine of the Atonement, and in an all-perfect and almighty Creator of the universe.

So long as Shaw remained alive, he defied the inroads of age, continued an active career as dramatist and reformer, and by his almost daily comments on every conceivable subject - witty, satiric, peevish, gruff, combative - immeasurably added to the gayety of nations and made his name well known to millions, who had never read one of his books or seen one of his plays. As a publicist, he was engaged in almost unbroken controversy in the columns of the press; and was probably the most formidable journalistic dialectician of his day. Many people, who vehemently disagreed with him and detested his views, shrank

from the ordeal of public controversy for fear of almost certain defeat and humiliation at his hands.

With Shaw's death, many of these Shaw-haters took courage and launched stink-bombs at his corpse. Slimy grey creatures crawled out from under stones and, with impunity, spewed out streams of poisonous vilification and denigration upon his memory. More subtly-minded enemies attempted to slander him by predicting the waning of his influence, the decline of his power, and his ultimate failure of recognition as a man worthy of respect, a writer of eminence, a great dramatist. It is scarcely worth pointing out that these assertions, in the main, have no validity; and that many of the confidently advanced allegations are preposterous, ludicrous, and contradicted by the facts in the case.

After considerably more than two years, it is to be expected that the crowds of vulgar sight-seers, drawn by idle curiosity, would shrink to a trickle, since "Shaw's Corner" is not a beautiful house; the place inaccessible; the roads dreadful; and the interior of the house lacking in charm, graciousness, and beauty. Despite the size of Shaw's estate, upwards of £300,000, the death duties have been tremendous; and almost no funds were available for the maintenance of the property, either as a private house, preserved intact and open to visitors for a small admission fee, or as an efficiently managed museum.

Is Shaw dead? How silly can people be? Shaw's fame grows daily, by leaps and bounds. Almost every day items of Shaviana, from every corner of the globe, pour in to my home for ultimate placement in the Shaw Museum, housed in the Library of the University of North Carolina. This incomparable collection bids fair to become in time the Mecca for students of Shaw and the Shavian Age as is now the Folger Library for students of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Era. Books about Shaw continue in unabated spate to tumble from the presses. His works are being translated into many languages - Yiddish, Czech, Cyrillic, Arabic, Urdu, Nipponese, Hindustani, no less than German, French, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Polish, Swedish, Finnish, Erse, Russian. *Saint Joan, Candida, Arms and the Man, Pygmalion, Major Barbara, The Doctor's Dilemma, Man and Superman, The Devil's Disciple, The Apple Cart, Heartbreak House, Caesar and Cleopatra, Androcles and the Lion* have circled the globe. *Don Juan in Hell*, an act from *Man and Superman*, has given rise to a new technic, the lyceum-colloquy replacing production on the picture-frame stage. One by one the plays are being filmed and broadcast; and the Arts Theatre in London recently produced all eighteen of Shaw's briefer plays. Shaw is now a major subject with critics and scholars for study and research; and for several decades hundreds of theses and dissertations on various aspects of Shaw's genius and personality have been prepared, and in some instances published, at many colleges and universities. His plays are uninterruptedly being produced by amateur dramatic clubs, drama departments, and professional companies from India to the Canal Zone, from Helsinki to Madrid, from Stockholm to Athens, from Brussels to Tel-Aviv. Translations of Shaw's complete writings into Hindustani have already been begun in India. Shaw Societies are scattered over the globe from London to New Delhi, from New York to Dublin and Zurich. The number of effigies of Shaw, in marble and bronze is legion; images in paint, charcoal and crayon are scattered around the world: Rodin, Troubetzkoy, Strobl, Lady Kennett of the Dene, Dame Laura Knight, Augustus John, John Collier, Walter Tittle, Sir John Lavery, Lady Lavery, Jo Davidson, Jacob Epstein, Sava,



William Rothenstein, Feliks Topolski, Neville S. Lytton, . . .  
Is Shaw Dead? To coin a phrase, Not Bloody Likely!

## Felix Grendon Replies To George Jean Nathan

In the November issue of *Theatre Arts* magazine Mr. George Jean Nathan, featured by the editors as *The Critic*, has what purports to be a criticism of Shaw's play, *The Millionairess*. In it, Mr. Nathan pauses to take three pot shots: 1, at "the so-called Shaw Society;" 2, "at one Felix Grendon;" and 3, at Grendon's review of Shaw's play *Buoyant Billions*. The reader will naturally wonder why Mr. Nathan drags the Shaw Society and a review of *Buoyant Billions* into his supposed criticism of *The Millionairess*. What is his excuse?

Remember that *The Critic of Theatre Arts* professes to be writing a full-length criticism of *The Millionairess*, and not merely a brief newspaper review. What does this mighty man of valor, and of pen and ink, say about a Shaw play which has just ended a successful run on Broadway, with Katharine Hepburn in the star part? If we wade through the verbiage — and this is no mean job — we salvage the following gems. One, Katharine Hepburn is no great shakes as an actress; two, *The Millionairess* is no great shakes as a play; three, Bernard Shaw, as the author of *The Millionairess*, is no great shakes as a playwright. Mr. Nathan repeats these opinions over and over again in an English as learned as the language of a doctor's prescription. But the gist of his prolixity is this: Shaw's *Millionairess* is bad, feeble, bad, longwinded, bad, farcical, bad, verbose, bad, and — to cut a long, long story short — Bad Bad, Bad.

No, I am not quoting Mr. Nathan exactly; I am merely boiling him down. Professional duty obliged the poor man — who, after all, is *The critic of Theatre Arts* — to expand his key-word, Bad, into the semblance of a reasonable criticism. But, as he loaded his Ms. with sawdust and padding, he, even he, became a trifle uneasy at the absence of any shred of evidence to support his endless Shaw detraction. Besides, how explain the packed houses *The Millionairess* drew and the spectacular siege of the box office by patrons, not of the comedy of sensations, but of the comedy of ideas? Mr. Nathan, at an utter loss for an explanation, suddenly bethought him of my review of *Buoyant Billions* in the *Bulletin* of the Shaw Society. That did it. In a flash, he discovered that, but for my untimely review, the excitement about Shaw's bad, bad play would have dwindled to a whisper in the wind. Useless to inquire why George Jean had any truck at all with a "so-called Shaw Society." That is a pretty secret of his own. But why did he reprint parts of my article on *Buoyant Billions* and join them willy nilly into the midriff of his article on the *Millionairess*? To answer this question for him I must digress for a moment.

*Buoyant Billions*, Shaw's last regular play, was written by him at the age of 90. All the bookworm critics gave it short shrift, and con-

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demned it and its author as feeble, verbose, barren, fatuous, decrepit, and sterile — the reader will notice the resemblance to Nathan's senseless denigration of Shaw. It is a curious fact that this sort of presumption is totally unknown in the fields of painting, sculpture, or music. When some new sketch, statue, or fugue by Leonardo, Michelangelo, or Bach is unearthed, the relevant critics at once give it the most respectful attention. It is only in literature that hacks and criticasters dare to treat the great masters with insolent disrespect. It was a New York reviewer who, when Shaw wrote *The Simpleton* at eighty, called him "an old monkey, throwing coconuts at the public in pure senile devilment." An art critic who talked like that, of the least trifle by Rembrandt, would be a laughing-stock forever.

Accordingly, when I reviewed *Buoyant Billions* in the Shaw Society's last *Bulletin*, I took pains to show that Shaw had suffered no decline in the fertility of his ideas or in his powers of invention and execution. Also I made use of the occasion to pay my respects to the anti-Shavian reviewing brigade. As I feel that these dunces are more to be pitied than scorned, I named no proper names and gave no clue to their individual identity. But Mr. Nathan was not the man to remain discreetly anonymous. He saw the cap, it fitted fine, so he put it on.

He put it on with a vengeance. In the middle of his childish, uncritical detraction of *The Millionairess*, he blandly quoted the very section of my *Buoyant Billions*' review in which I declared that childish, uncritical detractors of the greatest dramatist since Shakespear cover themselves with ridicule. By thus brazenly quoting my reprimand, he supposed that no one would dream that he was one of the detractors in question. But observe how his puerile propaganda trick became a boomerang. My sharp rebuke cut through his soporific verbiage like the rat-tat-tat of a drum through a sluggard's room. In vain did Georgie Jean yell "Hogwash!" as every drumbeat made him jump. In vain did he muffle the drum by breaking up my telling phrases with some fifteen or twenty repetitions of the Latin particle, *sic*! Nobody was fooled, least of all the intelligent readers of *Theatre Arts*. They knew what Mr. Nathan's *sic*-screaming meant. It meant: No Shaw Society can do this to me, George Jean Nathan! No Felix Grendon can tell me, *The critic*, that my tedious Shaw detractions cover me with ridicule. Well, well, well! But I never mentioned your name at all, Mr. Nathan. Nobody, least of all the Shaw Society, thought you worth singling out for attack. Really, Mr. Nathan: if you look in the glass and see yourself wearing a self-conferred dunce's cap, it is hardly fair to blame it all on the Shaw Society, or on its *Bulletin*, or on me.

Clearly, Mr. Nathan has only himself to blame. Georg Brandes, the greatest literary critic of the 19th Century, said that the test of a front-rank critic is his ability to recognize a great artist at sight. Brandes proved his own qualification by being the first to acclaim such giants as Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Ibsen, and Strindberg. He was also the first to salute the genius of Bernard Shaw. Though this was more than fifty years ago, Mr. Nathan has hardly caught up with Brandes yet. Let no one suppose that I am here presuming to defend Shaw, whose immortality has long been secure. My object is chiefly to remind the reader that Mr. Nathan's bad-tempered reference to "the so-called Shaw Society" indicates that the Shaw Society is very much alive.

His outburst also enables me to pin down some of his childish fantasies about the Shaw Society and the attitude of Shavians toward Shaw. Mr. Nathan takes a juvenile delight in ribbing my fellow-Sha-



vians for belonging to a Shaw Society at all. We do not begrudge him his boyish fun. But we assure him that there is nothing intrinsically funnier about being a Shavian than about being a Shelleyan or a Dickensian, not to mention the fact that Shaw himself was active in both the Shelley and the Dickens Societies. Nor do Shavians think that *The Millionairess* and *Buoyant Billions* should be classed among Shaw's half dozen greatest masterpieces; they do think that Mr. Nathan, in poohpooing these plays, shows very poor critical judgment. A member of the Shaw Society, Mr. Nathan, is not obliged to "swoon" at the mention of Shaw's name or to believe that Shaw is greater than Shakespear, or Goethe, or Dickens, or Moliere. Go easy with that dunce's cap you donned. The fact is that some of my fellow-members admire Shaw more as a prophet than as a dramatist, and a few merry Shavians are so enamored of Shaw as an ingenious paradoxer that they vie with Mr. Nathan in their innocence of what Shaw's plays are really about. In short, the Shaw Society welcomes anyone who can find something in Shaw to attract or improve him. Shavians positively encourage diversities of taste and differences of opinion: they hold that controversy is the life-blood of truth. But controversy means honest discussion, not bad-mannered belittlement or abuse. Unless Mr. Nathan learns this distinction, some younger Nathan, equipped like him with the Latin particle, *sic*, will presently write his epitaph in the words of the famous motto: *Sic transit gloria Nathani*.

## A Note on Spiritual Meagreness

By Harrison V. Chase

Certainly no writer of our age has been subjected to more exacting criticism than G. B. S. By his impact he fathered a wealth of critical prowess very rightly eager to test his personality and works, and prepared to ransack the arsenals of scholarship for suitable weapons. Throughout a long creative span he was assigned almost every intellectual virtue and charged with almost every form of intellectual wickedness. The critical battle has partaken of the confusion of a real battlefield and the departure of the protagonist from the scene has not served to bring critical agreement as to his ultimate place in the literature of English-speaking peoples. If, therefore, definitive assessment of G. B. S. must necessarily await some future time, it becomes thereby correspondingly rewarding to examine any important point upon which there is an appreciable body of critical agreement. Such is the not uncommonly encountered charge of spiritual meagreness. The issue seems most often raised over the question of whether such a concept as *Life Force* is a bleak, intellectualized substitute for faith, or an authentic spiritual affirmation that stands, so-to-speak, unclad and unprotected by *mythos*. Is it an expression of naive materialism or is it an essentially religious expression?

Whatever the ultimate philosophical appraisal of the concept may be, it is important to note that it is not without modern philosophical cognates. These are, unexpectedly, embodied in the works of three figures whose creative lives have been identified with a predilection for mysticism and the repudiation of materialism and crude rationalism.

The first of these figures is familiar enough in this role, particularly

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to Shaw scholars. If Henri Bergson's fervid exposition of *Elan Vital* (vide, *Evolution Creatrice*, and *Les Deux Sources de la Religion et de la Morale*) is more vulnerable to damaging criticism than Shaw's spare, closely reasoned, and sometimes ironical statements of *Life Force* (vide, *Man and Superman*, Act III) there can be no mistaking their consanguinity. Significantly, no one has equated *Elan Vital* with Nineteenth Century materialism.

Looking elsewhere, and in an unlikely quarter, one is confronted with Albert Schweitzer's *Reverence for Life* (vide, *Aus Meinem Leben und Denken*, Ch. XIII) set forth as the core integrative principle of the author's own complex *mystique*. The affirmation is passionate and personal but not less unmistakably an essential equivalent of *Life Force*. For present purposes, it is not important that Schweitzer, unlike Shaw, embeds the principle firmly within his own rich interpretation of Christianity. What is important, is that it stands without dissonance within that intensely mystical interpretation.

Mahatma Gandhi, too, supplies an interesting parallel to *Life Force* in the form of what he calls *Satyagraha* or *Truth Force* (vide, *Hind Swaraj* or *Mahatma Gandhi at work, His Own Story Continued*, Ch. XVII). He equates *Satyagraha* with love, and its proper expression is the cherishing of life toward the end that life may find unimpaired eventual fruition. In this instance the principle is placed within a framework of Hindu religious thought.

It would be an unhappy over-simplification to attempt to force the disparate intellectual personalities of Shaw, Bergson, Schweitzer, and Gandhi into some homogeneous mold. The possibility of mistaking superficially similar concepts for identities is great. With respect to *Life Force*, recourse to relevant passages in Bergson, Schweitzer, and Gandhi reveals more substantial parallels than might be expected in the light of philosophical reputation, and provokes speculation on the genesis of a principle that embraces four such disparate thinkers. Perhaps, since man is a living creature, the first condition of meaning for him is life. During the years of these four the suspicion has grown that man is nearing, if he has not already arrived, the stage where he can terminate life itself. Is it, therefore, tenable that *Life Force*, *Elan Vital*, *Reverence for life*, and *Satyagraha*, represent in essence a common response, a common article of faith, and a common re-affirmation in four different philosophical contexts of some central religious necessity of our age?

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## Shaw and William Morris

By E. E. Stokes Jr.

In the many studies of Bernard Shaw, one important aspect of the complex activity of his life has received relatively little attention - his association with William Morris. Yet Shaw enjoyed Morris's friendship during the most important period in his intellectual development, and Morris influenced Shaw in a number of important ways. Their friendship and Morris's influence upon Shaw are mentioned in passing by a number of critics and biographers and discussed at some length

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by a few, notably Dr. Archibald Henderson and Hesketh Pearson, but no exhaustive study of the personal and intellectual relations between the two men has been made, and some aspects of Morris's influence have been neglected. This is all the more to be regretted since Morris constituted for Shaw an important link with much of what was best in high Victorianism and, for that matter, in the Middle Ages as well.

Shaw met Morris as a socialist. This meeting, which occurred in the spring of 1884 at a gathering of the Social Democratic Federation, did much to set the tone of their relationship, which must always be considered in the "context" of late nineteenth-century socialism. Another determining factor in their relationship was chronology: in 1884, Morris was already fifty and famous as an artist and poet, while Shaw was only twenty-eight and almost unknown outside radical and journalistic circles in London. A relationship of leader and disciple sprang from this disparity in age and fame, and Shaw retained his attitude of veneration for Morris till the end of his life. For Shaw, Morris was an elder and a sage, British socialism's "one acknowledged Great Man."

The association which Shaw and Morris enjoyed in the socialist movement was personal rather than ideological. For, not too long after their first meeting, Shaw became a member of the Fabian Society (September, 1884,) and in January, 1885, Morris founded the Socialist League, following a violent quarrel with H. M. Hyndman, leader of the S. D. F., during the previous month. Shaw and Morris were thus in completely separate and often opposed camps of the socialist movement. But this had no effect upon their personal relations. Their friendship flourished, and they engaged in many socialist activities together, including street corner meetings (which, according to Shaw, were sometimes mistaken by passers-by for prayer meetings!) and appearances on socialist lecture platforms. When Morris refitted his Hammersmith coach-house as a lecture-hall, Shaw was a frequent and popular lecturer there. Together they participated prominently in the demonstration known as "Bloody Sunday" on November 13, 1887. In the early 1890's, when the socialist movement veered away from revolutionism and began to take on a more peaceful, typically English character, Shaw and Morris were closely associated in spreading the socialist gospel, and, significantly, their names were linked as the authors of some important socialist writings. In the January, 1891, number of *The New Review* a group of three articles appeared on "The Socialist Ideal." The first one, on "Art," was by William Morris, the second, on "Politics," by Bernard Shaw, and the third, on "Literature," by H. S. Salt. It seems no accident that these three men were selected to present the socialist case, and this publishing event serves as a striking demonstration of the intellectual affinity that existed between Morris and Shaw as workers in the socialist movement. Later, Shaw and Morris collaborated with Hyndman and others on the Joint Manifesto of British Socialists, issued on May Day, 1893.

Shaw's lecture at the Hammersmith coach-house led to a more intimate friendship with Morris. Often invited to dinner after his Sunday afternoon lectures, Shaw soon became a regular frequenter of Kelmscott House. The opportunity this gave him for private intercourse with Morris caused their friendship to deepen and broaden and take on new intellectual aspects. When in private, the two men rarely discussed socialism, but rather their conversations turned upon subjects perhaps even closer to their hearts - art and literature. They dis-

covered that they had a number of literary preferences in common, notably Dickens and Ruskin, and that their views on art and architecture converged at a number of points. Shaw's sympathy with the Pre-Raphaelite movement was strengthened by his association with Morris and undoubtedly made their exchange of artistic views easier. For Morris, close personal association with a personality like Shaw's was refreshing and salutary, and May Morris testified to the enjoyment her father derived from Shaw's playing devil's advocate with ideas. More important, Morris gradually gained a greater appreciation for Shaw's versatility and a clear perception of his outstanding abilities as a critic of art. This process of discovery was brought to its culmination in 1895 with the publication of Shaw's essay *The Sanity of Art*, a devastating criticism of Max Nordau's book *Degeneration*. Thereafter, for the short time that remained to Morris, Shaw was accepted as an equal in matters of art, and the artistic phase of their relationship was in full flower. Shaw, who needed no period of "education" to appreciate Morris's artistic genius and his wide array of accomplishments, was delighted to be taken fully into his confidence at last, and, when Morris died in October 1896, Shaw wrote an obituary for *The Saturday Review* praising him as an artist and as a man.

Morris's influence upon Shaw, especially with regard to art, became apparent even before his death. The artistic influence of Morris is reflected to a considerable extent in *The Sanity of Art*. Even clearer evidences of this influence are to be found, however, in Shaw's brilliant and almost-forgotten essay "On Going to Church," published in the first number of *The Savoy* (January, 1896.) In this essay the Morrisian view of art history and Morris's sentiments concerning the handicrafts, the function of art in life, and other matters are closely paralleled. Shaw exhibits a preference for medieval over Renaissance art which is the same as Morris's own. The work of Morris himself as an artist is discussed and praised highly. In short, the essay is filled with evidences of Morris's influence and is one of the most significant immediate results of the artistic side of Shaw's relations with his elder contemporary.\* Among other works of this same period which give evidence of Morris's influence are some of the drama criticisms Shaw wrote for *The Saturday Review*.

The lasting effects of Morris's friendship did not, however, become plain until after his death. Now, just how important, in the final analysis, was Shaw's relationship with Morris, and in what ways and how much did Morris influence Shaw? In the first place, Morris's influence had the effect of broadening and humanizing Shaw's socialism, giving warmth and color to what might otherwise have been a cold and statistical Fabianism. Further, Morris's example caused Shaw, as distinguished from some of the other Fabians, to keep more clearly in view the goal toward which fundamental social change was directed, and it may even have played a part in Shaw's partial reversion to Marxian revolutionism in the twentieth century. Finally, Morris, in his specifically socialist writings, as elsewhere, emphasized the importance of art in everyday life, an emphasis which Shaw himself never tired of making. Indeed, the link between art and socialism, one of the chief

\*Morris's influence is only pointed up by the fact that "On Going to Church" is an expansion and elaboration of sentiments expressed by Shaw in a letter to Morris from Italy in 1891. For some reason, Shaw decided against including the essay in his *Collected Works*. It was, however, published in book form (John Luce Co., Boston, 1905).



accomplishments of Morris himself, was of primary importance in Shaw's relations with Morris and played a significant role in Shaw's own views. It may perhaps be considered as the most important intellectual result of their relationship.

Shaw's Pre-Raphaelite sympathies were greatly intensified by his association with Morris, and his views on art history, for instance his preference of high medieval to Renaissance art, undoubtedly gained strength from Morris's own. Beyond Pre-Raphaelitism as such, however Morris's emphasis on craftsmanship and practicality appealed to Shaw and must have played a part in Shaw's interest in the Arts and Crafts movement, which Morris helped to found and to which he gave a great impetus. Not the least important manifestation of Morris's influence is to be found in the typography and format of Shaw's books. Morris's emphasis upon the book, especially the printed page, as a physical object which should be a work of art impressed Shaw deeply, and he testifies to the fact that, after he knew Morris, he took great care to improve the appearance of his works in print, especially by means of various typographical devices with which all Shavians are familiar.

Morris's personal impact upon Shaw was of equal importance. Association with Morris gave Shaw a wider and richer view of life and of human history. It softened some of his earlier anti-romantic and rationalistic attitudes. And it gave him a memory of contact with a vibrant and diverse personality to which he harked back till the very end of his days. No other person is mentioned as frequently in Shaw's later works and conversations as William Morris. It is fitting that William Morris and Bernard Shaw - without the slightest doubt the two greatest socialist men-of-letters in late nineteenth-century England - should have been friends. The friendship with Morris made a deeper and more lasting impression upon Bernard Shaw than any other individual contact in his long and complex life.

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## Welcome To New York, Mr. Shaw

By A. Dunmore Baird

The story of Bernard Shaw's introduction to the workers of New York City is, I believe, made public here for the first time. Much mystery surrounded the comings and goings of the celebrated sage following his arrival aboard the *Empress of Britain*, on the morning of April 11th, 1933.

I am able to contribute this bit of Shaviana for the simple reason that I was there when it happened. Not very far away, to be sure, were a great many others - including reporters, cameramen, radio broadcasters, feature writers, autograph hunters, and the merely curious-but with this difference. Where they were - Shaw was not. And where Shaw was - so was I!

Early in the afternoon of that eventful day found me, quite alone, walking up a broad staircase of many steps, leading to the pier beside which the *Empress of Britain* lay at rest in the dock.

I was determined to get a good look at the legendary Irishman if it was the last thing I ever did. But how? That indeed was the question. I reached the top of the stairway and stopped there, still a solitary figure, peering about in various directions, wondering what I should

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*A. Dunmore Baird has been at various times reporter, advertising copywriter, editor, press agent, teacher, and playwright. He is married and has two children.*

do next.

From where I stood I was able to catch a glimpse of the impatient crowd - massed near the gangplank at the far end of the pier - waiting to pounce on the distinguished visitor as he left the boat.

I wasn't especially eager to join them - but I did want very much to see and hear Shaw close at hand if possible. I decided to make the long trek and get in line with the rest. I had taken no more than half a dozen steps in the direction of the distant gathering when, suddenly not more than twenty feet ahead of me, I saw him!

There he was, just stepping off the nearest-to-the-ship's-bow of several gangplanks (which were placed at wide intervals from stem to stern.) With him were Mrs. Shaw, Dr. Archibald Henderson (his American and official biographer), and a representative of his publisher in the United States (Brentanos.)

The expectant crowd at the other end of the pier remained where they were - expectant for some time longer - not aware that he had left the vessel. They were not, in fact, advised of Shaw's departure until he and his entourage were safely on their way by car to other parts of the city.

Somehow I managed to step to one side without stumbling as they reached me on their way to the stairs. I turned and followed them at, under the circumstances, a remarkably unobtrusive distance. They started down the lengthy stairway together, walking more slowly now, and saying little. When we were about one third of the way down, somebody at the foot of the stairs pointed up and shouted "Hey, Look! There's Bernard Shaw!"

A small crowd quickly gathered below, and waited there for him. Not a reporter, not a cameraman, not a radio broadcaster, not a feature writer, not an autograph hunter in the lot! They were still waiting expectantly elsewhere.

These were seamen, deck hands, stevedores, longshoremen, porters, taxi drivers, laborers, and office workers. As Shaw reached the last few steps, a giant of a man clad in blue dungarees pushed his way through the circling crowd, held out his hand at arm's length, and said, "Welcome to New York, Mr. Shaw!" Shaw, smiling, reached forward. The pair shook hands.

Shaw made no move to leave. On the contrary. The magnificent old man appeared to be enjoying himself immensely. The warm ritual of greeting was repeated until there were no more hands left for him to shake.

The gathering parted quietly as he and his companions at last walked on to a waiting automobile. Just before he stepped into the car, I spoke to him.

"Mr. Shaw," I said, "may I too shake the hand of the world's greatest man?" He looked at me quizzically. Then, with a shrug of his shoulder, he replied, "Well... You may shake the hand of Bernard Shaw!" I did.

The greatest man in the world smiled again and waved farewell to us as the car rolled away.

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## The Quartette In John Tanner's Dream

By Felix Grendon

The Dream begins in Hell where Don Juan, Tanner's ancestor, meets Donna Ana, the legendary victim of his most notorious love affair. Ana is a new arrival in the Devil's domain and all Hell rings with her indignation as Juan points out that the widely accepted legend of his attempted rape is a thumping theatrical lie. He quotes chapter and verse to prove that, when he and Ana last met on earth, it was not he who tried to seduce her, but she who tried to vamp him.

On the heels of this Shavian correction, the Statue, Ana's father, enters the scene, followed soon after by his Majesty the Devil himself. The quartette, thus completed, at once engages in the most enthralling debate in the world's literature. Its dramatic discussion probes the depths of art, science, and religion in their bearing on the mighty theme of human destiny. Is Man really incapable of progress, as the Devil contends, or can he, as Don Juan asserts, turn himself by evolutionary effort into a Superman capable of solving the social problems that threaten to destroy our race? Clearly, the Devil and Don Juan are two irreconcilable antagonists, and Heaven and Hell are symbols of two totally different ways of living our lives on Earth.

### HELL VS. HEAVEN

Milton had his Shavian moments, as when he said: "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven." Don Juan contends that if you are a person of cultivated brains, you will seek a nook in Heaven or Hell according to your mood, your temperament, and your life's purpose or lack of purpose, as the case may be. In Hell, the mainstay of existence is the voluptuous pursuit of happiness; in Heaven, it is creative activity. In Hell, you turn your back on harsh realities and occupy your mind with visions of beautiful women or handsome men, and with dreams of sex adventures, exotic luxuries, death-courting heroisms, and similar imaginary intoxications. In Heaven, on the contrary, you face realities, turn your back on romance and pleasure, and revel in making and executing plans to create a finer world, a world fit for Supermen to live in. Thus the gulf between Heaven and Hell turns out to be no greater, and no less, than the gulf between the angelic and the diabolic temperaments. And, as Don Juan sees it, here is the gist of the difference. If your dominant impulses are infernal, you will pine for Hell and think the Heavenly world well lost; whereas if your dominant impulses are celestial, you will long for Heaven and let Hellish attractions go to blazes.

The Statue, symbol of the pious, sensual male pillar-of-society, takes issue with Don Juan and comes down heavily on the Devil's side. He has tried Heaven, he reminds his listeners, and found it a horrible bore. Give him the luxury of a Hell in which he can externally dream of doing heroic deeds and enjoying bouts of wine, women, and song! But when Ana finds out that the Life force, dissatisfied with Hell-loving Man, is projecting a Heaven-loving Superman, her creative instinct stirs within her, and she closes with the poignant appeal: "A father, a father for the Superman!"

Her cry releases us, the spectators, from the spellbound state in which a feast of reason and a flow of soul have held us for two hours. Two hours of intellectual and esthetic rapture that never pall, because Shaw lifts the metaphysical discussion to the plane of music. Call it a miracle of verbal enchantment in which the dramatist beguiles our hyp-

notized minds into absorbing his thought.

#### WHAT DID THE QUARTETTE DO?

It made an astounding success of the very Dream scene which, when Shaw wrote it fifty years ago, was universally said to be unplayable. Note that Paul Gregory's Quartette — Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead — read their parts without the aid of costumes or scenery, and yet transported the audience as an acted play rarely does, especially when it appeals to the brain as well as to the heart. Was there a new element in the performance? Yes and no.

The Quartette's great merit lay in serving as a perfect medium for the mesmeric element in Shaw which it put across so effectively that author, actor, and spectator became one in spirit and in truth. It was a unique experience for the spectator, who felt as though he were participating in a new kind of theatrical performance, physically richer than a dramatic reading and psychically intenser than any regularly acted play. There has in fact been nothing like it since the Greeks, in the palmy days of Sophocles, used the chorus to bring home to the audience the moral problem posed by the playwright and presented by the actor. To put it in another way, the Quartette introduced a modern mediumistic factor into their act. All four players became such sensitive instruments for transmitting the ideas and emotions of the characters in the "Dream," that they brought the subconscious mind of the spectator into direct contact with Shaw's revelation or, as Shaw preferred to put it, with the revelation of the Life Force. Thus each actor in turn became a medium for a current of thought and feeling that flowed continuously between the dramatist and the audience, and transported the play goer into the charmed circle of creation, response, and new creation, that begins no one knows how or where. In short, the Four played the mediumistic part of their art for all it was worth, and thereby scored a triumph the Quartette richly deserved.\*

\* EDITOR'S NOTE: *The First Drama Quartette's performance of Don Juan in Hell has been recorded by Columbia Records, Inc. It is superbly reproduced on two Long-Playing vinylite discs. Program notes by Jacques Barzun accompany the album. Any Shavian can now have ninety minutes of Hell in his own home and at his leisure.*

## Shaw's Plays In Performance

By Maxwell Steinhardt

### *The Millionairess*

After a tempestuous success in London, *The Millionairess* moved into the Shubert Theatre in New York, under the aegis of the Theatre Guild. Although some of the dramatic critics, most of them are about as knowing as the political pollsters, turned up their noses, the audiences jammed into the playhouse and were wildly enthusiastic. I line up definitely with the majority in this issue. The play, to be sure, is not one of the shining lights in the Shavian catalogue and wanders

Maxwell Steinhardt, New York attorney and bibliophile, is one of the leading collectors of Shaviana in the United States, and is an Active Vice President of The Shaw Society of America. His record for attendance at Shaw's plays is the envy of many a Shavian enthusiast. His column, "Shaw Plays in Performance," is a regular feature of *The Shaw Bulletin*.

occasionally, even snorts at times; but it has witty and gay lines aplenty, contains some keen and sprightly-expressed observations on a wide range of topics - big business, medical research, sweat-shop labor, matrimony and sports. It is an hilarious farce-comedy and must not be taken too seriously. As the creation of an octogenarian it is spectacular, I might even say miraculous.

But what was memorable about this production was Miss Katharine Hepburn. She played the part of Epifania, daughter of an industrial magnate who bequeathed to her some thirty million pounds - the daughter, a startling mixture of spoiled child, spit-fire, shrewd business woman, acrobat, termagant and alluring female. Hepburn dominated the action throughout and from the moment when she stormed into the solicitor's office in the first scene until the final curtain - the ending was abrupt and a bit off-key - it was Hepburn all the way. She shrieked and squeaked, leaped into air and rolled on the floor, was a hurricane one moment, a bewitching maid the next. In three of the four scenes Epifania was clothed in the most exquisite Parisian gowns - which is according to the book - and when she was in repose, which was not often, was a vision to behold! An exciting role of complex and varied character - Hepburn met the physical requirements perfectly and handled her task throughout with rare skill and histrionic brilliance. A magnificent experience in the theatre!

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## NEWS NOTES

The 1953 Annual General Meeting of The Shaw Society of America, Inc. was held at 4 P.M., March 15th at The Grolier Club, 47 East 60th Street, New York City. The following officers were elected: President, Archibald Henderson; Active Vice Presidents, Richard Aldrich, Clark Kinnaird, Leonard Lyons, Maxwell Steinhardt, Gene Tunney; Honorary Vice Presidents, Katharine Cornell, Albert Einstein, Samuel Goldwyn, Cedric Hardwicke, Thomas Mann; Secretary, William D. Chase; Treasurer, David Marshall Holtzmann. The following members were elected to the Board of Directors: (in addition to those already serving): Richard Aldrich, Warren Caro, George Freedley, Francis Kettaneh, and Mrs. Kenneth Taylor.

The editor of *The Shaw Bulletin* was authorized to publish, for the Society, Shaw's Last Will and Testament. It was also announced that, through the efforts of Treasurer, David Marshall Holtzmann, application had been undertaken to make fees and gifts to The Shaw Society of America deductible items for income tax returns.

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An extraordinary recording of Shaw's voice has been issued by Audio Archives, 17 East 48th Street, New York City. It is "Bernard Shaw Speaks - On War," a 1937 radio address which was previously unavailable in print or recording. On a ten-inch long playing record the speech and the voice will interest many a Shavian.

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## AFTERNOON FOR BIBLIOPHILES

The New York Chapter of the Shaw Society of America commenced its 1952-3 season auspiciously when Francis A. Kettaneh invited its members to his home at 888 Park Avenue on September 23rd at 4:30. Members and friends who attended were cordially welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Kettaneh. Maxwell Steinhardt, Chairman of the

New York Chapter, opened the meeting by thanking its hosts for their gracious generosity.

The occasion was high-lighted by four features:

1. At Mr. Kettaneh's suggestion, Felix Grendon read aloud the famous Shaw-Viereck Ms., now in Mr. Kettaneh's possession, consisting of Shaw's answers, as fresh and striking as when he penned them on board the *S. S. Arandora Star*, March 23, 1936. Shaw's handwritten replies to Viereck's typewritten questions dealt with longevity, immortality, nuclear physics, the cyclical theory of history, Nature's tendency to "jump like a kangaroo," and the value of the Shavian prophecies.

2. Mr. Kettaneh then commented briefly on his other Shaw Mss., most of them unpublished. They include a two-page Shaw letter to Hall Caine on the British mismanagement of World War I; a letter to Mrs. Beatty, written when Shaw was 31, and voicing his fear of having to do a month in jail for his part in the Labour demonstrations that culminated in Bloody Sunday in Trafalgar Square; the fabulous letter which Shaw wrote to Archibald Henderson, comprising 54 pages, some 12,500 words of matchless autobiographical material; a letter to Francis Kettaneh in which Shaw corrects a short-legged caricature of himself in the *Continental Daily Mail* by affixing a long-legged sketch of himself (by G. B. S.) which gives the picture a proper Mephistophelean cast; and a dozen other letters and postcards written by Shaw.

3. Mr. Kettaneh also passed round a number of first-edition Shaw volumes autographed by G. B. S. A copy of *Back to Methuselah* bears the inscription in Shaw's hand: "A first edition copy of my biggest work for Mr. Francis Kettaneh" followed by the well-known signature "G. Bernard Shaw."

4. The members were then invited to inspect a choice selection from Mr. Kettaneh's magnificent private library of rare and highly special copies of first or extraordinary editions of the world's classics.

-Sara Arlen

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Sara Arlen, a Director of The Shaw Society of America, is President of Aldrich Productions, Inc., which staged *Caesar and Cleopatra* at the Cape Playhouse and Falmouth Playhouse, both on Cape Cod. As a painter she is a member of Artists Equity.

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## VILLAGE WOOLING

On the 25th of November the Society offered its members an unusual treat in the shape of the dramatic reading of Bernard Shaw's *Village Wooling*. This "Comedietta," written during Shaw's famous round the world cruise in 1933, is in three scenes and takes about an hour to perform. The two parts, a man and a girl, were played with great éclat by Janine Manatis and Roberts Blossom, who have each had Broadway experience. Felix Grendon, from our Board of Directors, rehearsed the play.

The subject, a favorite one of Shaw's focusses our attention on the mystery of sex magnetism in a comedy which shows how the girl captures the man of her choice in spite of his stubborn aversion to marriage. Remember, it is not just a case of the girl pursuing the man instead of the man pursuing the girl. In any magnetic sex duel there is pursuing and retreating on both sides. But, however the pendulum swings the woman takes the initiative, her Life instinct compelling her to attract any man who will give her a eugenic child. And any man would be ready



enough to oblige her, were it not that our unscientific marriage system makes him look on matrimony as a trap, a prison, a curse. It is the trap, not the girl, that he runs away from. But, as the girl is doing, not her own will, but Life's will or, if you please, the Will of the World, her chosen man no sooner appears than the Life Force super-charges her with magnetic currents. Against this overpowering magnetism his strongest resistance is of no avail. He is swept toward her as helplessly as the ocean tides are swept toward the moon.

The heroic version of this theme of sex magnetism is to be found, of course, in *Man and Superman*. In *Village Wooing* the subject is keyed to a minor social and intellectual scale. Yet, even here Shaw lifts the supreme moments of the discussion to the plane of music, music filled with subtle, poignant Mozartian rhythms and dynamic Beethovenesque passages: As the two "voices," or characters, are not given proper names but letters - A and Z - we may assume that they represent any intelligent specimens of their sex. A is a minor poet and "Marco Polo" man, but not an intellectual genius of the stamp of John Tanner. B is a very desirable village girl, not an upper class girl with the tremendous vital powers of Ann Whitefield. One remark of Shaw's must be borne in mind: though Z or Ann is Everywoman, every woman is neither Ann nor Z.

Needless to say, the audience followed the duel between Janine Manatis as the *girl* and Roberts Blossom as the *man* with rapt attention. Miss Manatis played the endless feminine tricks up her sleeve with so many deft changes of mood, tone, gesture, and movement, and she showed such resolution in attack and such tenderness in triumph, that the male spectators wished they were in the "marked-down victim's" place, instead of pitying him as loyalty to their own sex demanded. Mr. Blossom played his hopeless rearguard action with great skill and charm. True to the Shavian code, he accepted his matrimonial fate without taking a dose of amorous chloroform but as though such a dangerous assignment were all in the day's work. Both players deserve high praise for their competent and delightful interpretation of Shaw's little masterpiece which, by the way, was first performed in England, nearly twenty years ago, with Christopher Fry as the *man* and Sybil Thorndike as the *girl*.  
—F. G.

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## A Continuing Check-List of Shaviana

Compiled by Geoffrey J. L. Gomme

### I. Books by Shaw

- ARMS AND THE MAN. Baltimore, Penguin Books, 1952, .35.  
BERNARD SHAW AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL: THEIR CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Alan Dent. London, Gollancz, 1952, 21/-; New York, Knopf, 1952, \$5.00.  
CANDIDA. Baltimore, Penguin Books, 1952, .35.  
PLAYS AND PLAYERS: Essays on the Theatre. Selected by A. C. Ward. London, Oxford University Press, 1952, 5/-. (World's Classics. Forty essays "never before brought together in one volume.")  
SELECTED PROSE. Edited by Diarmuid Russell. New York, Dodd, Mead, 1952, \$6.50; London, Constable, 1953, 42/-. ("More than 1,000 pages of musical and dramatic criticism, fiction, politics, etc.")

## II. Shaviana - Books

- Barzun, Jacques: **PLEASURES OF MUSIC**. An Anthology of Writing about Music and Musicians from Cellini to Bernard Shaw. London, Michael Joseph, 1952, 21/-.
- Cummins, Geraldine: **DR. E. OE. SOMERVILLE**; a biography. Preface by Lennox Robinson. London, Andrew Dakers, 1952, 21/- (Dr. Somerville encounters Shaw.)
- G. B. S. **A CRITICAL STUDY**. Edited by Louis Kronenberger. Cleveland & New York, World Publishing Co., 1952.
- Irving, Laurence: **HENRY IRVING**; the actor and his world. New York, Macmillan, 1952, \$10.00. (English edition recorded in Bulletin 3)
- Kronenberger, Louis: **THREAD OF LAUGHTER**; chapters of English Stage Comedy from Jonson to Maugham. New York, Knopf, 1952, \$4.50. (Chapter on Shaw.)
- MAJORITY 1931-52**: An Anthology of 21 Years of Publishing. London, Hamish Hamilton, 1952, 25/- (Includes Shaw's "Charles Dickens and Great Expectations")
- McCarthy, Sir Desmond: **MEMORIES**. London, MacGibbon & Kee, 1953, 15/-.
- McLean, Ruari: **MODERN BOOK DESIGN**. London, Longmans (for the British Council), 1952. (Discusses Shaw's contribution "to the art of good printing.")
- Pogson, Rex: **MISS HORNIMAN AND THE GAIETY THEATRE, MANCHESTER**. Foreword by St. John Ervine. London, Rockliff, 1952, 21/- (Miss Horniman financed the first public production of a Shaw play in London, *Arms and the Man*.)
- SHAW AND SOCIETY**. Edited by C. E. M. Joad. London, Odhams, 1953. 21/- (About half the book is by Shaw - tracts, speeches, letters, and extracts from publications; the remainder about Shaw by various hands.)
- Sheen, Monsignor Fulton J.: **PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION**; the impact of modern knowledge on religion. Dublin, Browne and Nolan; London, Longmans, 1952, 25/- (Discusses Shaw's "liberal-humanist view of man.")
- Trebitsch, Siegfried: **CHRONICLE OF A LIFE**. London, Heinemann, 1953. (The autobiography of Shaw's translator.)
- Ussher, Arland: **THREE GREAT IRISHMEN**; Shaw, Yeats, Joyce. London, Gollancz, 1952, 12/-.
- Ward, Albert E.: **EDWARDIAN THEATRE**. New York, Macmillan, 1952, \$4.50.
- Webb, Beatrice: **BEATRICE WEBB'S DIARIES, 1912-1924**. Edited by Margaret Cole. Introduction by Lord Beveridge. London, Longmans, 24/-; New York, Longmans, \$5.00.
- Williams, Raymond: **DRAMA FROM IBSEN TO ELIOT**. London, Chatto & Windus, 1952, 18/- (Has a chapter on Shaw.)
- Winsten, Stephen: **SHAW'S CORNER**. London, Hutchinson, 1952, 18/- (More reminiscences.)

## III. Shaviana - Periodicals

- Barzun, Jacques: **LOVE AND THE PLAYWRIGHT**. In: *New Republic*, 3 Nov. 1952.
- Gassner, J.: **PURITAN IN HELL**. In: *Theatre Arts*, April 1952.
- Jacobson, S.: **ANDROCLES IN HOLLYWOOD**. In: *Theatre Arts*, Dec. 1952.
- Krutch, Joseph Wood: **G.B.S. ENTERS HEAVEN (?)**; **IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN THOREAU AND SHAW**. In: *Saturday Review of Literature*, 24 May 1952.
- Krutch, Joseph Wood: **SHAW THE SHAVIAN**. In: *Nation*, 6 Dec. 1952.
- Maurois, A.: **BERNARD SHAW, MY EDITOR**. In: *Saturday Review of Literature*, 6 Dec. 1952.
- Molnar, J.: **SHAW'S FOUR KINDS OF WOMEN**. In: *Theatre Arts*, Dec. 1952.
- Nathan, G. J.: **TWO CLEOPATRAS**. In: *Theatre Arts*, March, 1952.
- Nethercot, A. H.: **SCHIZOPHRENIA OF BERNARD SHAW**. In: *American Scholar*, Oct. 1952.
- Smith, J. P.: **SUPERMAN VERSUS MAN: BERNARD SHAW ON SHAKE-SPEARE**. In: *Yale Review*, Sept. 1952.